

Walking Her Home

by She Who Shall Go Nameless

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Summary: Based on the song 'Walking Her Home' by Mark Schultz.
TracyLink. Link's POV. Songfic. '07 movie based.

Walking Her Home

I own Nothing.

This fic is based on the song Walking Her Home by Mark Shultz. If you've never heard it, it's a fantastic song. I know you can get it on iTunes, if you want to hear it.

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Walking Her Home

Eighty-five-year-old Link Larkin lay next to his wife, staring into space. Oh, how well he rememberedâ€|

_Looking back

> _He sees it all

> _It was her first date the night he came to call _

Link knocked on the Turnblads' door. He straightened his tie nervously. Not only was it Tracy's first date, it was his first _real_ date. This would be the first time that he had dated a girl whom he actually enjoyed being around. And one who's parents constantly worried over her.

_Her dad said son

> _Have her home on time

> _And promise me you'll never leave her side _

It took them almost a half an hour to get out of Wilbur Turnblad's clutches. He asked Link a million questions and ended by telling him

to take good care of his baby doll. For a moment, as he kissed his girl goodbye, Link thought there were tears in the man's eyes. But then it was all back to business. "Mr. Larkin," he said sternly. "I want her back here by eleven and not a second later."

_He took her to a show in town
> _And he was ten feet off the ground_

Link could not remember a happier night. Tracy was so easy to talk to, not like Amber or Shelley or the other council girls. Tracy said what she thought and ate what she wanted, and she was absolutely perfect.

_And h__e was walking her home
> _H__olding her hand
> _Oh the way she smiled it stole the breath right out of him
> _Down that old road
> _With the stars up above
> _He remembers where he was the night he fell in__ love
> _He was walking her home_

Walking home from the theatre was the best part of all. They talked softly of school, segregation, anything that occurred to them. Link said something that made Tracy smile. That smile caused a whooshing sensation to go through his stomach. And he knew, right there, that he was in love. In the middle Maple Street at quarter to eleven, Link Larkin kissed Tracy Turnblad, with all the stars for witnesses. And that was the single greatest moment of his life.

_Ten more years and a waiting room
> _At half past one _

Link paced back and forth, his clammy hands behind his back and his normally sculpted hair unkempt. His heart beat wildly as he waited outside the closed hospital ward. Finally, a doctor emerged with a smile on his face.

_And__ when__ the doctor said come in and meet your son
> _His knees went weak
> _When he saw his wife
> _She was smiling as she said he's got your eyes_

Link entered the ward to see Tracy, sweaty, exhausted, but grinning broadly. She was holding a tiny, shivering bundle of fabric, with a tuft of velvety brown hair sticking out.

"He's got your eyes!" she said ecstatically. And sure enough, when he got close enough, he saw a tiny nose and mouth, and two beautiful, bright, cerulean orbs. He had the tiny being, and decided that this was the second happiest moment of his life.

_And as she slept he held her tight
> _His mind went back to that first night_

As Tracy slept, he watched the basinet with his little son in it, and thought how far they'd come in ten years. All TV programs were integrated, big hair was no longer 'in,' and _The Corny Collins Show_ had gone off the air six years ago. And yet, he could still remember as though it were yesterday how it had felt to see Tracy smile on Maple Street.

_He was walking her home
> _And holding her hand
> _Oh the way she smiled it stole the breath right out of him
> _Down that old road
> _With the stars up above
> _He remembers where he was the night he fell in love
> _He was walking her home _

He relived that day, savoring the whooshing in his stomach and holding Tracy closer. He wanted to stay like this forever: content and complete.

_He walked her through the best days of her life
> _Sixty years together and he never left her side_

The next sixty years passed in a blur of happiness. Although Tracy and him had had their share of hardships, their love never faltered and they always found the good in everything. Link could not believe how lucky he was. He had the most precious thing in the world: pure, true love.

_A nursing home
> _At eighty-five_

At age eighty-two, Link finally gave in and checked the two of them into a nursing home. Tracy had developed mild Alzheimer's, and he could hardly walk from hip problems. They couldn't take care of themselves anymore.

_And the doctor said it could be her last night
> _And the nurse said Oh
> _Should we tell him now
> _Or should he wait until the morning to find out_

Link knew that Tracy's life was almost at an end. He would miss her, but he knew she'd go to heaven and be happy. And someday, he would join her.

_But when they checked her room that night
> _He was laying by her side_

He snuck into Tracy's room and lay down with her. He wasn't going to let her go without saying goodbye.

_Oh he was walking her home
> _And holding her hand
> _Oh the way she smiled when he said this is not the end
> _And just for a while they were eighteen
> _And she was still more beautiful to him than anything
> _He was walking her__ home_

He talked to her quietly, reassuring her. She didn't understand it, because of the Alzheimer's, but she smiled when he promised they'd see each other again. And the whooshing sensation that Link so loved was undiminished by the sixty years of love that had passed between them.

_He was walking her home _

He watched as her breathing slowed, then stopped. He was gone, but he knew that he would see her again. He allowed one tear to roll down his cheek as he stroked her cold one.

"Goodbye for now, Little Darlin',"

_Looking back

> _He sees it all

>

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Well, tell me how you liked it in a review!!!!

End
file.